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HOLIDAY NOTES. (No. II.)

By MILESIAN.

(Continued from page 549.)

My journey from Dublin to Killarney was not marked by any incident, musical or otherwise. At one of the stations on the way down, there *used* to be a boy who greeted the arrival of every train with artless scrapings on his fiddle. And that reminds me that I have always thought the French word *racler* more expressive than any we possess of this style of performance. But this minstrel is no more, or he has migrated elsewhere, and the only music I heard on the way was the inevitable St. Patrick's Day, played by the wheels of the train from Kingsbridge to Killarney. M. Saint-Thomas was more lucky, he had as fellow passenger a poor Irishman who played the banjo, and whom he and his companion shielded from the insults of three brutal Saxons, who begged him to shut up. From the train I went straight to the car I had ordered, for my readers must know that a drive of thirty miles is needed to land me at the enchanting spot from which I pen these notes. It is quite out of the beaten track of the tourist, and combines the beauties of Killarney with the superadded charm conferred by a deeply indented coast. Here are delightful creeks where you can bathe at all tides, and where the kingfishers may be seen on halcyon days flashing across from wooded mainland to wooded island. We have wild duck too domiciled among these islands whom we do not shoot, but encourage to breed in these quiet haunts, and this year several flotillas of ducklings each headed by the parent birds have been seen cruising about. Here too, seals have been occasionally seen, and I can testify from personal experience to the truth of the statement that seals are fond of music. At least I have seen them follow a boat for some distance in which ladies were singing. Whether they would have followed without the singing is a question which I am not prepared to answer, but I know that at the time I felt convinced of a causal connection between the following and the singing. In what may appear to be a true dog-in-the-manger spirit, I decline to give the name and situation of this earthly paradise, though in these troubled times I do not imagine it would matter a demi-semi-quaver if I did. The place is never likely to be overrun, Home-rule or no Home-rule. But for the joint benefit of the geographer and the musician, I will add that, as a further clue, that it is some fifteen miles distant from Kenmare, immortalized by the glowing description of Lord Macaulay, and the recent achievements of its brass band, which on the occasion of the Viceroy's visit, sat up all night practising an air with which they were previously unacquainted, to wit "God Save the Queen." We are in sight of the open Atlantic, whose "husky-haughty lips"—to borrow Walt Whitman's phrase—discourse much plaintive music; and in still weather we have sometimes heard the boom of the big guns at Castletown, Bearhaven, when the Channel fleet are stationed there for their manœuvres. I have called my Irish home an earthly paradise, and in fine weather the title is justified. But the sea-mist and rain-cloud rob the landscape of its colours on two days out of three, and convert the paradise into a dreary sodden waste when the billiard table becomes a boon, the piano a solace, and the angler alone rejoiceth in out-door exercise. The barometer in this variable climate is a broken reed, telling of "fair" weather when all is foul, and *vice versa* as is duly set forth in the following rhymes by a former resident:—

"When the glass is up to thirty,
Then the weather will be dirty;
When the glass is high, oh very!
Then there's rain in Cork and Kerry;
When the glass is low, oh Lork!
Then there's rain in Kerry and Cork."

If, however, the rainy days are depressing, the really fine days in Kerry are worth about three anywhere else. There is a little poem by a modern writer which has always seemed to me to sum up within a brief compass some of the chief characteristics of our scenery on one of these halcyon days. It is only eight lines long, and will not therefore tax the patience of the practical reader:—

"She leant upon the rustic bridge,
With all her spirit in her eyes;
Far off, the mountains, ridge on ridge,
Flowed westward through the summer skies.

The blue sea kissed its golden weeds,
In wreaths the blue smoke took the air;
Flushed were the forests, green the meads:
She said, 'This earth is very fair.'

My first thought on arrival at home was to enquire for Jacob, to introduce whom to the readers of *The Musical World* has been my principal object in inditing these notes. Jacob, then, is an Australian magpie, brought over to these shores by a neighbour and friend of the family, after a visit to the Antipodes, and now left in our charge during her absence on the Continent. He is plump and comely to behold, being considerably larger than the native magpie, of black and white plumage, preternatural sagacity, and astonishing power of beak. With him pursuing, overtaking, and pecking are but one motion. He fears neither man nor beast, and his utter want of reverence may best be illustrated by the fact that he has been known to assail a bishop's gaiters. And yet Jacob exercises such a strange fascination over those with whom he is brought into contact, that they are irresistibly impelled—even at the cost of serious pain to the ankle and fingers—to overcome the vindictive animosity which he cherishes against the great majority of the human race. There is something so jaunty and *débonnaire* in his carriage that one longs to be on friendly terms with such a superior person. Once show that you are afraid of Jacob and you are lost. He despises fear above all things, and recognizes the slightest symptom of it with unerring instinct. And yet, as this is above all things a veracious chronicle, I am bound to state that on one occasion Jacob himself was betrayed into the exhibition of a temporary panic—at the sight of a dead hare. He hid himself under a mangle, and could with difficulty be persuaded to come forth, after repeated assurances that the animal was not a cat, for which we believe he had mistaken it. On the other hand, our old retriever, a decidedly courageous and combative animal, is completely cowed by Jacob, of whom he is exceedingly jealous, and mopes dreadfully whenever he sees his rival monopolizing the attention of the company. To prevent his attempting to fly away, one of Jacob's wings is clipped; but apart from this, he enjoys perfect freedom to roam around the house and about the grounds. His constitution is robust, and except for a severe attack of indigestion brought on by too liberal indulgence in a diet of black-beetles and wasps, a sting above his eye from a tick which depressed his high spirits for a whole day, but was relieved by the application of vaseline, and a cough last winter, which interfered for some little time with his singing—he has enjoyed excellent, I might say *rude* health. Rain stimulates rather than damps his cheerfulness, and we have often noticed that he improvizes with great brilliancy during a heavy shower. In his modes of progression he shows the same versatility as in his more intellectual accomplishments. With friends he generally affects a reflective stalk or a dramatic strut, and his assumption of absolute unconsciousness when really in pursuit of some fly, moth, or butterfly is very droll. He will often open his beak very wide, like a pair of compasses, and close it without making any remark. This is perhaps a yawn. But on the appearance of a stranger this indifference is rapidly exchanged for a brisk and aggressive

demeanour. He flies at the newcomers' boots with tremendous energy, or at their ankles, if they have the misfortune to wear shoes, and inflicts peck after peck with deadly and vindictive zeal. Should they retreat, he scuttles after them at a good pace, hoisting sail and pecking as he goes. I have known him more than once roll over in consequence of getting his beak actually stuck in the leather or rubber of a tennis-shoe. The country people were greatly alarmed at him at first; and our gardener, rather a timorous man, "let a great screech out of himself," as he would have phrased it, when Jacob went for him at their first meeting. But familiarity has bred affection in this case as well as in that of the other workmen, and he is now quite the most popular and important personage in the whole barony of South Dunkerron. From his disinclination to learn the British national anthem we have begun to suspect him of Nationalist proclivities; and I should not be in the least surprised to hear one of those days that he had been elected to represent one of the divisions of Kerry. This, however, is anticipating; for I am reserving detailed mention of his musical proficiency for another letter, and therefore return to give a brief summary of his other accomplishments.

First of all, I ought not to pass over the extreme dexterity with which he catches morsels of bread, biscuit, or meat which are thrown to him. In the certainty with which he performs this feat he shows himself the true compatriot of those famous cricketers who, for a while, bade fair to eclipse the prowess of England's chosen performers. Only once have I seen a bird who was so safe a catch as Jacob, and that was a toucan at the Zoo, who caught cherries chucked at him by a keeper with unerring readiness. Another peculiarity of Jacob's is the possession of a power of contracting or expanding himself at will. In the former state he presents a slim and elegant appearance; in the latter he becomes squat, obese, and plethoric. His conversational powers, though not very extensive, are characteristic of an enterprising and enquiring turn, inasmuch as it is generally to strangers that his pertinent and Homeric query of "Who are you?" is addressed. He holds frequently a small conversation with himself, which consists in whistling as one would whistle for a dog, and then answering in a mellow chest-voice "boy." This word is very distinctly pronounced; but his articulation of "Chawley," a later acquisition, is still inferior. Most sounds excite in him the mocking instinct. A bell always sets him off, but the imitation can hardly be pronounced first-rate. On the other hand, he barks excellently; and his representation of the squeaking of a pump-handle is little short of masterly. To wind up this letter, I may add that Jacob might well be invoked, like Apollo of old, *πολύωνυμοι καὶ πολύτροποι*—of many names and many shrines—for he has two cages, one large and equipped with three perches, and one small, wherein he sleeps. He has been presented with the freedom of the scullery, the kitchen, and the servants' hall. He haunts a favourite bush; anon he sits upon a garden chair; he has been known to penetrate to the drawing-room. In fact he is ubiquitous; while, as for his names, though I cannot pretend to give a full list of all the modes of addressing him employed by his amiable mistress, I can at least furnish those chiefly in vogue, namely: *Jacob, Yacut, Yacot, Cocket, Crocket, Pecketts, and Pecksy*. Nos. 4 and 5 are also used in the plural, which ladies, in common with grammarians, seem to credit with a certain *excellencia* in addressing their pets. I hope I have now made it clear that Jacob is a person of great intellect and versatile attainments. My forthcoming letter will contain a feeble effort to set forth his remarkable achievements as a musician.

(To be continued.)

SOPHIE ARNOULD.

By H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

(Continued from page 564.)

After her return to Paris, Madeleine Guimard appeared for the last time, in 1796, at a special performance for the benefit of aged and retired artists. Times were bad; her aristocratic friends were in exile, or had fallen beneath the guillotine; and she had returned to her own rich and influential protector, the Prince de Soubise, the pension he had formerly assigned to her. Soubise's son-in-law, the Prince de Guéméné, had contracted debts to the amount of forty million francs, and the heads of the family having decided that the time had come for them to economize, and even to make sacrifices for the benefit of the spendthrift's three thousand creditors, the Prince, in whom Madeleine Guimard was strongly interested, absented himself from the opera, and gave no longer to his *protégées* the *petits soupers* for which he had been celebrated.

Therefore a number of the *danseuses* assembled in Madeleine Guimard's room, and drew up the following kindly-meant letter to their generous friend:—

"My Lord,—Accustomed to see you amongst us at the performances of the Opera, we have noticed with the most bitter regret that you not only deprive yourself of the pleasure of the representations, but also that none of us are now asked to the little suppers you used so often to give, at which we had, turn by turn, the happiness of interesting you. Rumour has informed us only too truly of the reason of your seclusion and of your just grief. Hitherto we have feared to trouble you, sacrificing sensibility to respect. Nor should we, even now, venture to break silence without an imperious motive, which our delicacy can no longer resist.

"We had flattered ourselves, my lord, that the Prince de Guéméné's bankruptcy—to make use of a term which is repeated in the coffee-houses, the clubs, the journals of France, and all shops—would not be so considerable, so enormous as was said beforehand; and, above all, that the wise precautions taken by the king to assure the claimants the amount of their debts, and to avoid expenses and depredations—more potent than even the insolvency itself—would not disappoint general expectation. But affairs are evidently in such disorder that there is no longer any hope. So we judge, from the generous sacrifices to which the heads of your illustrious house, following your example, have resigned themselves. We should consider ourselves guilty of ingratitude, my lord, did we not imitate you in your considerateness—did we not return to you the pensions which your munificence has lavished upon us. Apply these revenues, my lord, to the relief of so many retired officers, so many poor men of letters, so many unfortunate domestics, whom the Prince de Guéméné drags with him into ruin.

"For ourselves we have other resources; and we shall have lost nothing, my lord, if we have your esteem. We shall even have gained if, by refusing your gifts now, we compel our detractors to admit that we were not unworthy of them.

"We are, with profound respect, my lord, your serene highness's very humble and devoted servants,—GUIMARD, HEINIL, etc., with twenty other names."

Sophie Arnould had fared under the Revolution as badly as Madeleine Guimard. At one moment she seems to have been in danger of her life. She was actually accused of "aristocratic tendencies." "If I did not sympathize with the public should I keep the bust of Marat in my room?" she replied, pointing at the same time to a bust of Gluck.

The chronicle of the French Opera House re-introduces her to us in connection with that very representation for the

benefit of "aged and retired artists," in which, as already mentioned, Madeleine Guimard took part. Among the various amateurs who had come to see Madeleine Guimard dance for the last time, now that she was really in her sixtieth year, was an old *habitué*, dating from the reign of Louis XV., who, after the performance, called a coach, drove home and was proceeding to pay the driver when the latter called out: "Whoever heard of the Count de Lauragais paying the Chevalier de Ferrières for taking him home in his carriage?"

"What, is it you?" asked Lauragais.

"Myself," answered Ferrières.

The two old friends embraced one another, and the chevalier then told the count that when all the royalists were either concealing themselves or emigrating, he had done both. Concealed in the greatcoat of his coachman, he had emigrated to the Boulevard, and in the character of the driver of a public vehicle (he had, of course, painted out the coat-of-arms on the panels) had passed unrecognized, because unknown, through the Reign of Terror.

The Count de Lauragais insisted now on driving home the Chevalier de Ferrières; and their journeys and return journeys might have occupied some considerable time had it not been finally arranged that the two friends should meet the next morning at Sophie Arnould's. Fouché, who in former days had been desperately in love with her, pitied her in her distress, and had obtained for her, on the part of the State, an apartment and a pension of two thousand four hundred francs, as "a national reward for the eminent services rendered by the *citoyenne* Arnould to the country and to the sovereign people at the Opera."

Thanks to her influence with the Minister of Police the Chevalier received an order authorizing him to return to France; though, it is said, he had "never left Paris except occasionally to drive a fare to one of the suburbs."

THE END.

Reviews.

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.

The National Music Company (Limited) has inaugurated its career as a co-operative publishing society by the issue of an overture in full score, by Dr. John Storer. The Concert-overture in G major was written for the Folkestone Exhibition; it is for full orchestra, comprising four horns and the ordinary complement of the other brass instruments. A sustained Andante movement in G minor, scored with a good deal of skill, is succeeded by an Allegro molto in the tonic major, in which a prominent part is played by the horns; these give out the first theme, which, it must be said, is scarcely worthy of the important position assigned to it, and at the appearance of the second subject they are still in a foremost place. It would be premature to say that there is too much of them, before the effect has been heard, but the perusal of the score suggests that it is so. The second subject is well contrasted with the first, and the short working out is very ingenious. The score is extremely well printed, and must be regarded as a marvel of cheapness. In point of notation, one anomaly, or rather a departure from general usage, must be noticed; the clarinets in A, playing, *i.e.*, sounding, in the key of G minor, should surely have five flats in the signature; here they have only the two flats that correspond to the signature of the non-transposing instruments. This does not add to the ease of reading the score, but it will not stand in the way of the success of the overture, which deserves to be heard at some metropolitan concert.

ORGAN MUSIC.

The London Publishing Company send the first two books of "Favourite Airs for the Organ, arranged by Dr. W. J. Westbrook," by which we suppose is meant, "Favourite Airs, arranged for the Organ," &c. The name of the arranger is a sufficient guarantee for the effectiveness and accuracy of the versions presented to organ students, and we are glad to see that he has not confined himself exclusively to the extremely familiar numbers from the best-known oratorios. Besides a good many solos from the *Messiah*, two airs from *St. Paul*, and "Thou shalt bring them in," from *Israel*, we are glad to meet with such comparative strangers as "How cheerful along the gay mead," from Arne's *Abel*, "Verdi prati," from Handel's *Alcina*, and Spohr's "Holy, holy." An air from C. E. Horn's *Daniel's Prediction* is also not unwelcome. We are sorry to see that Dr. Westbrook has given his sanction of that version of "He shall feed His flock" which involves the transposition into the sub-dominant for the second verse. Of course in performance it is almost universally given in this form, since it affords an opportunity for the display of two voices, but it is none the less to be regretted on this account, or because Handel himself countenanced it; the enormous gain in effect as well as in repose caused by adhering to the original key throughout, as in the best editions of the work, was proved at last year's Birmingham Festival, when the purer version was given under Herr Richter's direction. But with this exception, there is nothing to regret in the collection, and the two books, which we hope will soon be increased in number, may be safely recommended to all organists who from necessity or inclination are given to the performance of arrangements rather than to that of original compositions for their instrument.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

From the firm of Edwin Ashdown we receive a number of drawing-room pieces, nearly all of which are of the average degree of merit. It would be in vain to commend any of them to the notice of earnest students or lovers of music, but for their own public, with whom music is an "accomplishment" and nothing more, they should attain considerable success. Two pieces by Seymour Smith are written in a sufficiently vivacious style, and require a good deal of superficial agility for their adequate performance. "Dreaming," a sketch, is an andantino of the simplest structure in G major, and "Scaramouch" is in more or less strict Tarantella form. If its middle portion did not transgress the rules of the rhythm, it would be a better tarantella and no less effective a piece. "Dorothy," by the same composer, is called an old English dance, and is published as a duet and a solo. Its form is to some extent that of the "bourrée," and its subject savours of the pseudo-French dances that were lately in vogue; from which it appears that the word "English" is scarcely the most suitable designation that could have been found. For the rest it is lively and very pleasing, though the captious hearer will be struck by the familiarity of its strains. A Gavotte by B. Mansell Ramsey called "A dream of the olden time," is considerably better; its themes are indeed none of the newest, but their treatment is good, and the whole is effective; moreover the composer knows what the first principle of the gavotte-form is. "The Bivouac," a grand march by Lillie Albrecht, is extremely effective, and presents some considerable difficulties, the overcoming of which will prove a great advantage to pupils of a certain degree of advancement. "Grand Galop de Concert" by the same composer is very brilliant and taking; its difficulties are all to be overcome by perseverance, since they require no special amount of musical ability. In the matter of notation, it must be remarked that the quintolets which play so important a part in the theme of the galop, should have been indicated in the usual way, by a numeral 5 over at least the first group.

An "Intermezzo and Minuetto," by George A. Lovell (Hopkinson & Co.), shows a certain amount of thoughtful endeavour, and displays the influence of Schumann to a somewhat undesirable extent. In the effort to be original, the charm which the Intermezzo would have possessed has almost entirely evaporated. The composer should at first confine himself, or still better be confined by a good composition master, to a simpler style, and not attempt the subtler

effects of structure till he has quite mastered the more elementary forms. The Minuetto is far better; it is simpler and more continuous, and therefore in every way preferable. We have made these strictures in no unfriendly spirit, but in the interest of the composer himself; his work displays so much talent that it is evidently worth his while to devote much time to study, and to confine his fancy for the present within due bounds, in order that it may ultimately emerge when fully matured.

An "Andante varied" (*sic*) by Henry A. Toase, is published by Weekes & Co. A theme of fatuous simplicity in E major, six-eight time, is ushered in by some rather pretentious arpeggios; the three variations appended to it do not redeem it from the charge of insipidity, though they are not very easy. It is not evident why such a composition as this should have been permitted to emerge into the light of day.

NEW SONGS.

Messrs. Novello & Co. have added to the number of their song albums an edition of Schumann's "Liederkreis," with English translations of the words by Lady Macfarren. The original words are legibly printed underneath the English version for the use of those who are able to sing German. The edition is careful and accurate, and the printing leaves nothing to be desired.

Messrs. Stanley Lucas & Co. send three songs by Charles Salaman, all of which shew that the hand which wrote "I arise from dreams of thee," no less than fifty years ago, has not lost any of its cunning. "My Star," written to a translation by Edwin Arnold from Plato, is as full of passion as the song by which the composer made his fame, and its musical structure is no less satisfactory. Few songs of greater beauty than this have seen the light during the last few years in England. The melodic beauty of "Murmured Music" is very great, and its treatment is singularly happy; it only proves, however, that the sonnet form of poetry does not easily lend itself to musical setting, even in the most skilful hands. "Late, late, so late," is an extremely poetical setting of Lord Tennyson's beautiful words; to say that it is the most successful musical version of the poem is not saying much, for no previous attempt has been thoroughly happy, but it is a very beautiful song and exceedingly pathetic.

Messrs. Weekes & Co. send a very pleasing pair of songs by J. H. Le Breton Girdlestone; they are settings of short poems by Hoffmann von Fallersleben, and entitled "Abendlied" and "Im Rosenbusch die Liebe schlief" respectively. The composer has succeeded in giving the meaning of the poems due prominence, and he evidently possesses a considerable gift of melody; the accompaniment of the first song is in one passage unnecessarily elaborate, and it destroys the feeling of unity, but both are extremely good songs, and deserve to obtain a great success. "Farewell, if ever fondest prayer," by Clelia C. Vaughan (J. G. Morley), is a very expressive setting of Byron's well-known words, written with considerable musical knowledge and skill. That it is excellently suited to the voice, need not be said when it is mentioned that the composer is a daughter of Signor Mario.

Three songs by Seymour Smith, whose pianoforte pieces are reviewed above, are sent by Edwin Ashdown. "At the Golden Gate" is fairly effective, but not free from a certain commonplace element either in music words. "The Magic Circle" is better of its kind, since the composer is more at his ease in treating lighter subjects. The quotation from the "Wedding March" at the end is rather funny, but in somewhat questionable taste; it should, moreover, have been quoted correctly. "A Perfect Dream" is a duet for soprano and tenor; it is melodious and pleasing, and though not overpoweringly original, is written with some taste.

Messrs. Hopkinson send "Falling Shadows," by Annie E. Armstrong, a pretty and very naive barcarolle in conventional form; "The Crusader," by Theo Bonheur, a thoroughly commonplace song of martial character, with an effective middle part in contrast with the rest; and "Just a Flower," by Frederic H. Cowen. This last is well written, and, though it cannot stand beside the best work of the composer, it cannot be said to be unworthy of him.

Two songs by the composer last named are published by Ascher, berg & Co. "Year after Year" is exceedingly effective, and though not entirely free from the reproach of sentimentality, it is still very good. The subject of "I love thee," a setting of some words by Tom Hood, is scarcely happily chosen, nor can it be said to be very original, but its treatment is musicianly and interesting throughout. The same publishers send "Love's Pedlary," by F. M. Neale, a simple song showing some promise, but at the same time much inexperience. It is not lacking in originality or effectiveness, but the composer could do better things than this. "Afloat," by Michael Watson, is a nautical song of the most conventional type, but showing here and there considerable knowledge of the broad effects attainable in such compositions.

Publishing companies seem to be in fashion just now. "The Music Hall Artists' Publishing (*sic*) Company" issues a song entitled "Our favourite jockey, Charlie Wood," sung with great success by Fred. D. Harris, words and music by Joe Elvin. If this familiar style of nomenclature should unfortunately be adopted in the general musical world, we shall next expect to hear that Joe Joachim is going to play a solo by Jack Bach. It is unnecessary to speak in detail of either words or music of this effusion, except to remark that the tune is one of the stock airs which have done duty in the music halls for many years, and are likely to serve for many more.

The National Music Company, whose issue of a concert-overture we have already noticed, send also a song, "The short and the long of it," by William Platt. The words are by Hood, and the tune is a good deal above the average of comic song tunes.

Messrs. Harris & Co. send a song of thoroughly conventional type, called "Twilight by the Sea," by Chas. J. Clark. It is by no means ineffective, is written with some knowledge, and will doubtless be acceptable in many quarters where a high degree of originality is not required. "Good-bye, good-bye, beloved," by Dr. Vincent, is not very much more original, but its treatment is better and more thoughtful.

DANCE MUSIC.

Messrs. Harris & Co. send a polka by Millard Back, entitled "The Thespian King," and dedicated, not unnaturally, to Mr. Henry Irving. Its first phrase is good, and sufficiently fresh; but its trio shows a falling-off in interest.

A valse, called "La Tienne," by Maude Webber (Chappell & Co.) should obtain considerable success, since it is extremely melodious and well calculated for its purpose, and is by no means hackneyed. The interest is kept up throughout, and does not solely depend upon the opening number.

Poetry.

CHANT D'UNE JEUNE FILLE.

Mon cœur, lève toi ! Déjà l'alouette
Secoue en chantant son aile au soleil.
Ne dors plus, mon cœur, car la violette
Èlève à Dieu l'encens de son réveil.

Chaque fleur vivante et bien reposée,
Ouvrant tour-à-tour les yeux pour se voir,
A dans son calice un peu de rosée,
Perle d'un jour qui lui sert de miroir.

On sent dans l'air pur que l'ange des roses
A passé la nuit à bénir les fleurs !
On voit que, pour lui toutes sont écloses,
Il vient d'en haut raviver couleurs.

Ainsi lève-toi, puisque l'alouette
Secoue en chantant son aile au soleil ;
Rien ne dort plus, mon cœur ! la violette
Èlève à Dieu l'encens de son réveil.

BALZAC.

Occasional Notes.

In these days, when people are no longer satisfied with gas, and clamour for the electric light, one thinks with a feeling not unmixed with regret of the agreeable chiaroscuro in which our forefathers took their musical enjoyments, and which Wagner has revived at least for the theatre. Readers of Fielding's "Amelia," a masterpiece of its kind, by the way, and infinitely superior as a work of art to the more popular "Tom Jones," will remember how the heroine, "being a great lover of music, and particularly of Mr. Handel's compositions," goes to the oratorio in company with her good-natured, though by no means austere virtuous friend, Mrs. Ellison. Being anxious to "get a first row in the gallery," the ladies arrive "full two hours before they see the back of Mr. Handel," and the only person besides themselves in the house is a gentleman who "though plainly, or rather roughly dressed, very luckily for the women, happened to be not only well-bred, but a person of a very lively conversation." He is in reality a wicked lord with evil designs on Amelia, and this is how he sets about making himself agreeable to his intended victim: "He procured her a book and a wax candle, and held the candle for her herself during the whole entertainment." Wicked noblemen, if any such be still in existence, would have little chance in a modern concert-room with a book and a wax candle. But whether the general comfort is increased by the fierce light which protects innocence, is a different question.

The Journal de St. Petersburg gives the following interesting particulars of Rubinstein's nine weeks' concert-tour: 'There were altogether 105 historical recitals, including the 41 gratuitous concerts given to the artists and pupils of the music schools at Odessa, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Paris; besides these, two were given for charitable purposes. The virtuoso made large donations also in most of the towns which he visited; 10,000 francs in Paris, £300 in London, &c. As regards the gross receipts of the 64 paying concerts, they were 262,654 roubles, being an average of more than 4,000 roubles each concert. The receipts at St. Petersburg and Moscow, were 94,639 roubles; those of Berlin, Leipsic and Dresden, 57,400 marks; of Vienna and Prague, 28,700 florins; of Paris and Brussels, 126,000 francs; of London, Manchester, and Liverpool, £6,200. It is also interesting to note that at the 45 concerts in Russia and England, Rubinstein played on the pianos of Becker, manufacturers of St. Petersburg; at the 24 concerts in Germany, on Bechstein's instruments; at the 19 in France and Belgium, upon Erard's; and at the 17 concerts in Austria, upon Bösendorfer's pianos (of Vienna).

To the urgent demand recently made by Her Majesty's Ambassadors at Constantinople to the Sublime Porte for the execution of the reforms in Asia, promised by the Treaty of Berlin, the Commander of the Faithful would have had an excellent retort if he had only thought of it. "It may be true," he might have said, "that our administration in Europe and Asia is a little out of order, but look at the delicate moral feeling which pervades my government and my people, and to which my *censor morum* has given expression by forbidding the representations of *Rigoletto* and the *Huguenots* on the ground of their plots being immoral." The story is much too good to have been invented, even by the florid imagination of the Italian journalist who gives currency to it.

M. Ritt, one of the two new managers of the Grand Opéra, is evidently a man of genius, and is determined to make his progress on the royal road to full houses, even across the prostrate body of a centenarian scholar. M. Chevreul, the famous chemist, is alive to witness the erection of his statue, which was unveiled on his 100th birthday last week. In this interesting but unique fact, M. Ritt immediately discovered a chance of attracting a crowded audience, even at this dull season of the year. He paid a visit to the venerable scholar and invited him to a festival performance at the Opéra, which M. Chevreul good-naturedly accepted, although, as he plaintively added, he had not set his foot inside a theatre for more than twenty years. That the heat of a crowded house in August and the excitement of acclamations and ovations might be very injurious to a health so dear to the scientific world evidently never entered the mind of M. Ritt. M. Chevreul was dragged to the theatre, in the seat of honour in the presidential box, and compelled to sit out a long and tedious performance, including the coronation of his own bust by M. Silva.

So far, so good, or rather, so bad. But M. Ritt's genius evidently deserted him when it came to the composition of a suitable programme. He might, for example, have performed the ballet "Excelsior," in which the victory of light over darkness and ignorance is supposed to be celebrated. The poison and its antidote administered by Lucrezia Borgia might also have suggested some interesting ideas to the famous chemist. But what amusement could he, or any person alive, derive from a hideous mixture of two acts of *La Juive*, one of *Faust*, one of *Guillaume Tell*, a long "cérémonie," and a "Chœur de Judas Maccabée," being, it may be presumed, "See the conquering hero comes." Let us hope that the venerable *savant* calmly slumbered through the greater part of the entertainment, and went home to his study with a good-natured smile at the folly of mankind, the last instance of which he would probably not find it easy to match in the memory of his long life.

Why will the painters and sculptors, as well as the novelists, the poets, and too often the critics, make such vile mistakes in matters of music? There is a pretty engraving of Homer and two sympathetic young women in a recent number of one of the fine art magazines, in which the poor blind bard is struggling with a harp of which the strings are rods, full a quarter of an inch thick! And lest we should think that this was a mere accidental slip, there is the exact *pendant* in a smaller harp on the other side of the composition! Nay, the sculptor is evidently bent on no ideal representation, but on graphic reality. And then his admiring critic in the "Magazine" talks of his "sweeping the strings"! Sweeping the strings! You might as well sweep an area railing, or the back of a Windsor chair, and expect to produce tone from them. Unless nails and skin in those early days were stouter than they now are, poor Homer would have had but little of either left on his fingers after a few minutes of such playing. Not very long ago a portrait of Joachim was exhibited by one of our greatest painters, playing on a violin with no strings at all! And an elaborate view of the Sydenham orchestra at a Handel Festival, in one of the illustrated papers a few years since, carefully left out all the music-desks, in the evident belief that the players played "out of their own heads." But that was the other end of the scale from the Homer with whom we started.

day for English musicians, if narrow-minded admiration of the home-grown article should at any time induce our public to decline the good things that come to us from abroad. Musically speaking, this country is as yet in its infancy;—perhaps we should say, considering the high position of English art under Elizabeth and again at the time of the Restoration, in a period of revival;—and nothing is so likely to incite our young composers to high efforts than frequent opportunities of comparing their own works with those of the best foreign composers. It is true that the race of the giants has, since the death of Liszt, been extinct abroad as well as at home; but while we are waiting for another Beethoven or another Wagner we should not despise the best work that a Dvorak and a Gounod have to offer us. Such is the opinion of enlightened English lovers of music, and such has evidently been the guiding motive of the Gloucester committee, who have given a prominent place in their programmes to Dvorak's *Stabat Mater* and to Gounod's *Mors et Vita*, the latter of which, albeit a somewhat dull production, is at least an earnest and religiously-inspired work. With a programme such as this, the 163rd meeting of the Three Choirs need not shun comparison with most of its predecessors; and it would be unjust not to mention in this connection the name of its conductor, Mr. C. L. Williams, to whose advice the committee, no doubt, are indebted for their intelligent selection, and who has himself contributed a well-written *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* to the festival services at the cathedral. The important question whether the financial result will be commensurate with the artistic interest of the programme will be answered when the final statistics are at hand.

"Musical World" Stories.

A MUSICAL JUROR'S TRIBULATION.

By HECTOR BERLIOZ.

(Continued from page 571.)

"Your pianos are as good as ever, eh? We are to re-judge them. And you require the first prize?"

"Certainly!"

"Thunder and lightning!!!"

The juror rushes from the room, slamming the door behind him so violently that the lock comes off.

Aqua fortis. Hydrocyanic Acid.

Such are the trials, that once upon a time were inflicted on unlucky jurors by piano-makers, piano-players, and piano-makers' patrons. At least so says a former juror now retired—a cast-off juror—a malignant slanderer, no doubt, for nothing of this kind happens now-a-days.

But, to resume.

Well, at the last exhibition the musical jurors numbered seven.

Mysterious, cabalistic, fateful number!

The seven sages of Greece, the seven primary colours, the seven notes of the scale, the seven deadly sins, the seven Christian virtues—oh, I beg pardon, there are only three, at least there were only three—but I am not sure whether Hope still remains.

But to this I swear, there were seven jurors—a Scotchman, an Austrian, a Belgian, and four Frenchmen, which would seem to prove that France is richer in jurors than the whole of Scotland, Austria, and Belgium together.

This Areopagus made up what is called a *class*. After a careful and minute enquiry into all the points submitted to it, this class

had to combine with five or six other classes to form what was called a group; and this group was to revise, by a majority of votes, the decision at which each class had separately arrived. Thus the class for judging silk and woollen fabrics, or the experts in gold and silver work and carving, and many other classes were good enough to enquire of us musicians whether the merits of this cloth-worker or that bronze merchant had been justly appreciated; and for the first few days my colleagues in the musical class seemed not a little embarrassed how to answer. These off-hand judgments struck them as odd. They were not used to it, for none of them had voted in this way at the London Exhibition four years before, where the same plan had been adopted, and where I had an opportunity of passing my novitiate.

I suffered, it is true, a momentary pang, in 1851, at the first meeting of our group. The English jurors noticing that I abstained, called upon me to vote upon the awards for surgical instruments. My thoughts betook themselves forthwith to all the arms and legs on which these terrible instruments would have to carve, the skulls they would trepan, the polypuses they would extract, the arteries and nerve networks they must grasp, and the stones that they must crush! Am I, I thought, I who know not even the elements of surgery, and even less about instruments and cutlery, and who moreover, if I combined the qualities of an Amussat and a Charrière, have never examined a single one of these dangerous tools, am I to assert upon the spot, in my official capacity, that the instruments of this maker are much better than the instruments of that, and that Mr. So-and-so, and not another, deserves the first prize? A cold sweat stood on my brow, an icy chill ran through my spinal marrow at the bare notion. God forgive me if my vote has caused the death of some hundred wounded English, French, Piedmontese, and even Russian soldiers ill-operated on in the Crimea, because bad surgical instruments received the prize.

Gradually, however, my remorse was dulled. The mine indeed exploded, but the mountain stood firm as usual, and where the charge once was only a little *pure water* now remains. At Paris I recently awarded a prize to Key for extracting teeth, and I did it without a pang. Indeed, as the group system has been adopted in England and France and nobody has complained, it must of course be good, useful, and moral, and I can only admit with shame my weakness of intellect which makes it quite unable for me to perceive its reason. There is a little irony in your humility perhaps you will say. No doubt your group annoyed the musicians' class, by overruling some of its decisions, and you bear it malice on that account.

Oh, believe me, no! the group scarcely attempted more than twice or thrice to impugn our judgments, and on every other occasion our non-musical colleagues raised their right arms to affirm our views with a unanimity, which proved them qualified for their position. No, these are merely unphilosophical reflections on human institutions, and I give them for precisely what they are worth—that is, nothing.

So we were seven in the official jury-box at the Conservatoire, and every day a batch of at least ninety pianos made the stage before us groan under their weight. Three skilful professors played pieces on the same instrument, each professor always playing the same piece. Thus we heard these three airs ninety times a day, or if we add them up, two hundred and seventy pianoforte pieces from eight a.m. to four p.m. Our condition was however intermittent. Occasionally a sort of drowsiness replaced our pain, and as after all two out of these three pieces happened to be very fine,—one by Pergolese and the other by Rossini, we were charmed to hear them, and at first they plunged us into a gentle dream. At length we had to succumb to human frailty. We suffered from internal spasms and nausea. But this is not the proper place to expatiate on these physiological phenomena.

To avoid being at all influenced by the reputation of these terrible pianos, we had determined to examine them without a knowledge of the vendors' or makers' names. Therefore, these had been concealed by a large card marked with a number.

Each pianist before commencing operations would call out from the stage number 37, or 20, as the case might be. Each juror made his notes under this heading. Then when the two hundred and seventieth air had been performed, the jurors not satisfied with this trial, would come down on the stage, examine the mechanism of every instrument, touch the keys themselves and so modify if necessary

their former judgment. On the first day we heard a considerable number of grand pianos. The seven jurors began by selecting six of them in the following order:—

Number 9 was unanimously placed first.

Number 19 was unanimously placed second.

Number 5 received six out of seven votes for third place.

Number 11 four out of seven for fourth place.

Number 17 six votes for fifth place.

Number 22 five votes for sixth place.

Fancying that the position of the pianos, nearer to or farther from certain sound-reflectors, might have influenced their tone, the jurors took it into their heads to hear these six instruments over again in a different order and indifferent positions. Moreover, to be uninfluenced by their first impressions, they turned their backs to the stage during the rearrangement, for they remembered their shape, colour, and position, and did not wish to know where they were placed. Then they heard them again without looking round, and without knowing which was played first or second, &c. ; and when they compared notes and checked the numbers over again, it was found that after all the votes had been again given to the same instruments, precisely as at the first trial, so marked was the difference in their qualities. This fact is really most curious in its way, and shows, moreover, with what and discriminating care the jury performed their task.

After each meeting the result of the voting was embodied in a report.

Then one of the jurors uncovered the names which had been hidden by the cards, and wrote these names against their corresponding numbers. His certificate together with the jury's report were enclosed in an envelope which was sealed and marked with the stamp of the Conservatoire.

And this is why, through the long weeks devoted to examining the pianos, and as nobody with one exception, not even the jurors themselves were aware of the different makers' names, no maker could protest or complain and come and say "My pianos, sir, are as good as ever," &c.

We followed the same plan for semi-grands, for square pianos and for cabinets; and I have the satisfaction of informing the public that not a single juror succumbed to the trial and the majority of them are already convalescent.

THE END.

FÉLICIEN DAVID AND ST. SIMONISM.

(Continued from page 566.)

The capital of the Osmanlis was at last quit of these twelve foreigners, who, according to the Turkish authorities, had shaken the Sublime Porte to its foundations. They were driven into an open boat, provisioned with nothing more than some olives and onions. They sailed along the Dardanelles—but whither was a mystery; and the master of the vessel himself knew no more than they did. He had been entrusted with sealed orders, which he was forbidden to open until the next port was reached. Here they were put upon a second open boat, whose captain had also sealed orders, and which carried for food the inevitable onions and olives. At each port the same tactics were pursued under similar conditions.

In this undoubtedly romantic but assuredly most uncomfortable manner, the St. Simonians advanced gradually towards Smyrna; they had been detained at Tenedos, Mytilene, Rhodes, Phoces, and many other places. Several times the bad weather obliged the captains of the vessels to put back to a port and to lay-to for three or four days, waiting for a fair wind.

At Smyrna the St. Simonians were told that they were at liberty to go where they liked, except to Constantinople. Some of the party remained with Félicien David; the others dispersed in various directions.

In the evenings, when the inhabitants of Smyrna assemble upon their terraces for the sake of the fresh air, Félicien David had his piano brought outside, and giving rein to his inspiration, improvised with voice and fingers airs, preludes, and fantasias of all kinds. In

the profound silence of the Oriental city at this hour of *dolce far niente*, the musician could be heard far around. These spontaneous open-air performances produced a magical effect and created a sensation in the peaceful city, where concerts were the rarest of sensations.

Nothing was talked about but the French musician. Often, during his walks, bouquets, thrown by invisible hands, fell at his feet. He was devoured by fleas in his first lodging, and brought to despair by mosquitoes in his second. A stay in the East cannot be without poetic contrasts. These troubles brought on a fever, and the concerts on the terrace came to a stop. Touched by his misfortunes and baulked in her love for art, the mistress of a neighbouring house presented him with a superb mosquito-net, and the concerts were resumed without interruption.

Félicien David's stay at Smyrna lasted through the three months of May, June, and July, 1833. The open-air concerts had procured him one or two pupils. A man who had existed on almost nothing could well manage to live upon the modest proceeds of these lessons. M. Alrik, the sculptor who afterwards made the bust of the Viceroy of Egypt, lived with the musician, and as an introduction to yet higher destinies, modelled the bust of the proprietor in part payment of his lodging.

It was at Smyrna that Félicien David composed the first of the collection of pianoforte pieces published later under the title *Les Brises d'Orient*.

At the end of July, our traveller, with MM. Barrault and Granal, embarked on a Turkish vessel which was bearing a number of Armenian Christians on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The voyage was accomplished without accident, and Félicien David soon trod the hallowed ground of Syria.

In the few days that they were to spend at Jaffa, Félicien David and his two comrades accepted the hospitality of M. Damiani, the consular agent. This singular character, who is mentioned in Lamartine's *Voyage en Orient*, wore a composite costume apparently combining samples from the chief wardrobes of the known universe, and spoke a mixed language in which traces of seven or eight idioms were distinguishable. Intercourse with such a person must have been a difficult task for anyone, especially for our composer, who had no very pronounced faculty for conversation.

M. Damiani's son was confined to his bed with an intermittent fever; Félicien David proposed entertaining him with a little music. The proposition was accepted with the greatest eagerness. The travelling-piano was rolled into the chamber of the poor young fellow, and the musician played and sang under the inspiration of the moment. The effect produced by this improvisation on the sick man who had never had such a good time before, exceeded their expectations. When the tired musician seemed on the point of leaving off, the invalid, with imploring eyes, murmured piteously "Go on! go on!" On the following day young Damiani had recovered from his intermittent fever.

Félicien David, M. Granal, and M. Émile Barrault, were naturally unwilling to leave Syria without visiting Jerusalem. After the custom of the country they provided themselves with donkeys, who carried them almost a quarter of the way towards the holy city. Here they stopped at the Spanish convent of Ramleh, where it was usual for travellers to receive three days' hospitality, and horses to carry them to Jerusalem.

Within the precincts of the convent, they chanced to meet a French instructor to the troops of the Viceroy of Egypt. Immediately, by way of conversation, he showered questions upon them as thick as hail. "Who are you? whither are you bound? wherefore this dress? Ah! you are St. Simonians, I have heard lots about them. I know you by repute, you are excellent fellows, you have at heart the happiness of the whole world, a praiseworthy sentiment. No doubt you are here looking for 'emancipated woman;' well you have come to the wrong country, all the women are immured, veiled, and watched by fellows with softer voices than hearts. Your hands, gentlemen; I am happy to have met with fellow-countrymen, and to have for once set eyes upon St. Simonians. Besides, for six months I have had no such opportunity of talking."

And in this wise our gallant soldier relieved his mind. Unfortunately he was no less sparing of his store of verbosity amongst the rest of the travellers, and quite proud of his news, he sought the

superior of the convent and went out of his way to explain to him, in his own style, what kind of people the St. Simonians were, and the nature of the new religion that they fancied they were founding. The effect of this revelation was disastrous.

Félicien David, M. Granal, and M. Émile Barrault were partaking of the hospitable omelet set before them on the refectory table, in all peacefulness and brotherly love. They were surprised by the entrance of the superior in a rage, followed by the cook, if possible still more furious. The superior, quite beside himself, treated them to a Latin discourse, in which he compared them to apostles of Satan, missionaries of Beelzebub, and preachers of hell; among other uncomfortable things, he told them that their lives were in his hand, but that, in virtue of his inexhaustible charity, he would content himself by driving them promptly from the convent.

From time to time the cook, scowling savagely upon them, fingered the handle of the knife at his girdle.

M. Émile Barrault, without agitation and in the manner of an orator well-skilled in argument, favoured the superior with a reply in Latin, which rather mollified the terrible monk and the threatening cook, whose face and gestures regulated themselves on the expression and attitude of his superior. Thanks to the Ciceronian eloquence of the guest, he and his companions were permitted to spend that night in the convent, and to take on horses for their journey the following day. So, for them the regulation three days' hospitality was reduced to one.

One cannot but pause over this strange scene, in order to admire the great usefulness of a classical education. If Félicien David had not employed the best years of his youth in the study of Latin, he would not have had the advantage of understanding the abuse that the monk of Ramleh showered upon him. This was, indeed, the only time in his life that his knowledge of Latin was of any assistance to him.

At Terebinthe, between Ramleh and Jerusalem, the three travellers were disagreeably startled by the whistling of shot over their heads. On enquiry they found that the people of the place were celebrating a grand festival—that they were amusing themselves, according to their wont, in *giving tongue to powder*—and that, to pursue their pleasure to its furthest limits, they loaded their guns.

At Jerusalem they were hospitably entertained for three days at the Roman Convent, the superior of which, a man of culture, told them he had been informed of the explosion of his colleague at Ramleh, and that he disapproved of his mode of speech and action. They spent these three days in visiting the holy places, and, as far as they were able, the curiosities of the city and its environs. They would willingly have pushed on to the Red Sea, but a brigand chief and his hordes, masters of the road, were in the habit of stopping travellers, of allowing them to pass only if they could pay blackmail to the extent of three or four hundred francs, and of cutting their heads right off if they were unable to produce this little sum.

The three pilgrims, who were not provided with large sums of money, and who, naturally, did not care to have their heads cut off, renounced the project of visiting the Red Sea, not without regret; they returned to Jaffa, where they embarked upon a djerme—a sort of open boat—which had a cargo of water-melons for Alexandria.

In the city of the Ptolemys, Félicien David met with some of his Ménilmontant brethren; he joined their circle, and found an opportunity of giving lessons during his four months' stay. He then left for Cairo, where he was hospitably entertained by a French merchant, whom he repaid to the best of his ability by giving musical instruction to his children. He lived in a small house at Old Cairo, on the banks of the hill, afterwards occupied by Lambert Bey. Here, as at Smyrna, he played and sang of an evening on the terrace. One of his companions, M. Granal, who published his recollections of the voyage in *Le Temps*, describes him as a new Orpheus, charming barbarians by the tones of an instrument new to their ears.

One suffocatingly hot day a horrible jarring noise was heard coming from the piano. The artist flew to his beloved instrument and examined it with the most tender solicitude. Nothing was broken, or even displaced; he was let off with a mere fright. But he was astonished to find that each note had fallen almost a tone, so that the pitch had altered without any noticeable change in the relation of one note to the other.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "THE TIMES."]

SIR,—It will probably interest many readers of *The Times* to know of the important music which is to be issued this autumn by the great publishing firm of Leipzig, to which we are already indebted for such splendid and accurate editions of the complete works of the great composers.

I. BEETHOVEN.—A volume supplemental to the complete critical edition of his works will contain various pieces now published for the first time. 1. Two cantatas for voices and orchestra, one on the death of the Emperor Joseph II., and the other on the accession of Leopold II. These, though juvenile works (1792), are important and interesting, the second especially so. They were warmly praised by Haydn, no indiscriminate eulogist; but they remained undiscovered till a year or two since. 2. The final chorus, in B flat, to the music for the opening of the Josephstadt Theatre in 1822, of which the grand overture in C (Op. 122) forms the opening piece. 3. A chorus, dated 1814, in honour of the allied sovereigns, probably in connection with the Congress of Vienna. 4. A setting of Mattheson's "Opferlied." 5. Incidental music to a drama called "Leonora Prohaska"—viz., a soldiers' chorus, a romance with harp, and a melodrama, for voice with harmonica accompaniment. "Shakespeare and the musical glasses" we know, but Beethoven is not generally suspected of having ventured upon that strange instrument. The piece is, however, printed in the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," vol. I., p. 663. The composer's arrangement of the Funeral March in his Sonata in A flat, Op. 26, which he included in this incidental music, and scored for orchestra, transposing it from its original key to that of B minor—in his own words "the black key"—cannot, as I learn, be published just at present, though it will ultimately be issued. 6. A cantata for the birthday of Prince Lobkowitz, Beethoven's constant friend, and the dedicatee of the Eroica Symphony. 7. Two airs for bass voice and orchestra. 8. Nine songs with piano accompaniment, one to Italian words. 9. Six canons, to which quaint and often humorous sort of composition Beethoven was much addicted. The foregoing are all for voices. Of instrumental compositions there are:—10. Two marches, a tattoo, a polonaise, an écossaise, and 12 minuets for orchestra; six Ländler for strings, and a march for wind instruments; three pieces called "Equali" for trombones, originally written by Beethoven in 1812, at Töplitz, for All Souls' Day, and played at his funeral in 1827; a sonatina for mandoline and piano; 18 bagatelles, dances, &c., for piano, and a fugue in D for the organ.

II. SCHUBERT.—The monumental edition of the countless works of this great composer, fresh pieces of which are almost daily being brought to light, is making rapid progress. Two volumes of symphonies (score and parts), one of overtures, one of concerted music, and the opera of *Fierrabras*, have already been delivered, in that clear and magnificent engraving to which the Leipzig typography has long accustomed to, and these are to be followed by the opera of *Des Teufels Lustschloss*.

III. A new departure is to be taken in the case of the musical works of Frederick the Great, who grasped the flute with as much ardour as the commander's *bâton*, and who has left no less than 25 sonatas and 4 concertos for his favourite instrument. It is interesting to know that the proposal for this edition proceeded from a surgeon in the German Army, Dr. Wilhelm Braune, who accompanied the 12th Army Corps as its chief surgeon during the war of 1870-71. The publication is a commemorative one of the centenary of the death of Frederick, which has only recently passed (August 17, 1886).

The above catalogue is surely a remarkable one from every point of view, and is happily characteristic of that *piété* towards their great men which animates the Germans, and of the solid manner in which they commemorate them. It is hardly necessary to express the hope that conductors and directors so keen-sighted and enterprising, and with such splendid means in their hands, as Mr. Arthur Chappell, Mr. Manns, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Stanford, Mr. Henschel, or Dr. Richter, will give us many early opportunities of testing the quality of these works, many of which will be significant for musical as well as for historical value.

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE GROVE.

September 1.

LISZT'S LIFE AND WORKS.

A STUDY OF CHARACTER.

(From the "Fortnightly Review.")

(Continued from page 575.)

The task here is one of considerable difficulty. The art of the executive musician, like that of the actor, is of vivid effect, but it has no permanence. How Garrick's Hamlet affected the unsophisticated Partridge we know from *Tom Jones*, but the means employed by the great actor even Fielding was unable to bring home to us. Liszt, it is true, has to some extent perpetuated his method in the numerous transcriptions and studies which he has published, to the number, it is said, of three hundred or thereabouts, but even these, as they stand upon the paper, are notes only, that require his vivifying spirit in order to become enchanting realities. And where is such a spirit now to be found? Even Bülow and Madame Menter and Eugene D'Albert only possess in a lower degree the qualities which their great master and model united in himself; and Rubinstein, in the midst of his recent London triumphs, was fain to confess that, by the side of Liszt, he was as nothing. Neither does contemporary newspaper criticism, in the way either of redundant praise or violent abuse, help us much. More to the point are the reminiscences which a few intelligent pupils have committed to paper; and prominent amongst these is Miss Fay, a young American pianist who visited Germany in 1873, and has recorded her musical impressions of that country in a volume which amusingly combines glowing enthusiasm with a good deal of Yankee shrewdness. The portrait drawn by her of Liszt is singularly vivid and lifelike, as the following extracts will show:—

"In Liszt, I can at last say that my ideal in *something* has been realised. He goes far beyond all that I expected. Anything so perfectly beautiful as he looks when he sits at the piano I never saw, and yet he is almost an old man now (1873). I enjoy him as I would an exquisite work of art. His personal magnetism is immense, and I can scarcely bear it when he plays. He can make me cry all he chooses, and that is saying a great deal, because I've heard so much music, and *never* have been affected by it. Even Joachim, whom I think divine, never moved me. When Liszt plays anything pathetic, it sounds as if he had been through everything, and opens all one's wounds afresh. All that one has ever suffered comes before one again. Who was it that I heard say once, that years ago he saw Clara Schumann sitting in tears near the platform, during one of Liszt's performances? Liszt knows well the influence he has on people, for he always fixes his eyes on some one of us when he plays, and I believe he tries to wring our hearts. When he plays a passage and goes *peering* down the keyboard, he often looks over at me and smiles, to see whether I am appreciating it. But I doubt if he feels any particular emotion himself when he is piercing you through with his rendering. He is simply hearing every tone, knowing exactly what effect he wishes to produce and how to do it. In fact, he is practically two persons in one—the listener and the performer. But what immense self-command that implies! No matter how fast he plays, you always feel that there is 'plenty of time'—no need to be anxious. You might as well try to move one of the pyramids as fluster him. Tausig possessed this repose in a technical way, and his touch was marvellous, but he never drew the tears to your eyes. He could not wind himself through all the subtle labyrinths of the heart as Liszt does."

Most people who have not heard Liszt will probably think this kind of encomium gushing, if not childish; to those who heard him in his best days, it will only appear as a weak echo of what they felt themselves. In a study of character such as the present, the writer's personal experience will perhaps be not altogether out of place. I never heard Liszt in his prime, and upon the whole I feel glad that I did not. When he was rushing through Europe in the manner of a meteor, some of the alloy which is apt to cling to such migratory bodies was mixed with the higher qualities of his nature; he was in fact a virtuoso, and a virtuoso of forty years ago, when audiences cared more for fireworks than for serious art. And although he was one of the first to alter that state of things, and played, for example, the later works

of Beethoven long before any other pianist ventured to do so, yet he was to some extent influenced by the atmosphere in which he moved. But afterwards, when he had given up his public career as a player, Liszt liked to please himself regardless of the ephemeral applause of miscellaneous audiences. Even Wagner, when he speaks of the Beethoven performances of his great friend, and calls them "creations in the true sense of the word," adds that one ought to hear Liszt play "in a friendly circle." It was in such favourable circumstances that I was privileged to listen to these revelations, and on no occasion with greater delight than on the last, in the summer of 1884 at Bayreuth, where I had journeyed with a party of friends to hear the repetition of Wagner's *Parsifal*. Liszt never missed one of these performances, and was always surrounded by a bevy of princesses and duchesses, Russian, German, and French. At such times one did not care much to trouble the master with a visit, but being told by Hans Richter that he wished particularly to see me, I called on him at the house where he used to take up his quarters in order to avoid the crowd of visitors who always besieged Wagner's house, "Wahnfried." Liszt received me with the profusion of politeness, "gratitude for what I had done for his music in England," and the like, which belonged to his courtly manner, and always reminded one of his own saying that if he had not been a musician he would have been the first diplomatist in Europe. He did not play at that time, and I did not expect to see him again, but the next morning at a little after seven I heard a loud knock at my bedroom door, and when, with the disregard of the imperfections of attire which one acquires abroad, I asked the supposed waiter or chambermaid to enter, in came Liszt with many excuses for his early call. He always rose, he said, at four in the morning, and his time for paying visits was from six to eight A.M. Having shown the master into a more fitting apartment, and finished my toilet in great haste, I had another long and interesting conversation, and as I accompanied him back across the fine old square in which the dirtiest and most malodorous of hostels, the Reichsadler, is situated, he asked me to come to his house that afternoon to hear some of his pupils perform. No sooner had the ladies of our party heard of this invitation than they insisted upon being included in it, and when this had been accomplished they demanded with the urgency peculiar to their sex that I should make the master play to them. This I knew from experience to be by no means an easy task, for Liszt never played when directly asked to do so, and on one occasion was said to have refused the Pope himself. Diplomacy therefore would be necessary, and this in the presence of the great *diplomate manqué*! We arrived, however, in due season at the house of Liszt, whom we found surrounded by a number of pupils and by a miscellaneous company, including a nun and a Russian princess, one of the most portly and most amiable ladies I have ever met. The conversation turned upon general and subsequently upon musical topics, but what was in everyone's mind—the wish that the master should play—no one dared to utter. At last, despair brought me sudden inspiration. Happening to talk of Italian literature, in which Liszt, as in every other literature, was perfectly at home, I referred to the difficulty which the sonnet with its rhythmical division into double-quartet and final sestet offered for musical setting, and added with perfect sincerity that the only composer who had completely overcome that difficulty was Liszt himself in his "Tre Sonnetti di Petrarca posti in musica per la voce." Citing the opening lines of the second of these sonnets—

"Benedetto sia'l giorno e'l mese, e l'anno,
E la stagione, e'l tempo, e l'ora, e'l punto,"

I pretended to have forgotten for the moment the tune to

which these lines are wedded. This was enough for Liszt. Bounding up from his corner of the sofa, he went to the piano and played the beautiful melody from beginning to end. This naturally led to the other sonnets of the collection, and the ice once broken, one piece followed the other in uninterrupted and delightful succession. Not being possessed of Miss Fay's youthful confidence, I shall not attempt any description of how Liszt played; I may, however, say the following. Our party consisted of a hard-worked and weary critic, a much-admired and therefore much-employed *prima donna*, a distinguished amateur, and one of our leading conductors, all of us case-hardened, one would say, against musical impressions. When Liszt had finished we did not feel inclined, like the young ladies of Berlin, to fight over fragments of his furniture; we did not even applaud; but when we left the house we felt that we had been in the presence of something supremely great, something unique of its kind, something, as one of the party expressed it, "as unlike any other man's playing as Wagner's music is unlike any other man's music."

(To be continued.)

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

The 163rd meeting of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester, which is being held this week at the first named city, bids fair to maintain, if not surpass, the interest usually manifested in these triennial feasts of music; and, owing to the attractive and comprehensive programme provided by the committee, should, locally, be well supported.

The history of these Festivals dates as far back as the year 1724, when the members of the cathedral choirs met with their friends for the purpose of musical intercourse and common enjoyment of the pleasures of harmony. But to Dr. Bisse, at that time Chancellor of Hereford, belongs the credit of turning these musical meetings to benevolent account, for in a sermon preached at St. Paul's Cathedral before the sons of the clergy, he suggested that at these Festivals a collection should be made at the church doors for charitable purposes. This idea was first successfully carried out at the meeting held in Gloucester, and was continued and further developed in the succeeding years, at Worcester and Hereford, and after passing through various vicissitudes, which at one time seriously threatened a collapse of the scheme, it has been maintained with varying success to the present day. To guard against possible mishap, particular attention has been given to the rehearsals this year, both locally for the choirs, and in London for the band, so that on Monday when the combined vocal and instrumental executants met together here, the various renderings were somewhat of the nature of an average performance and well worthy of a public hearing. From an early hour until late in the evening, with but short intervals, the arduous work of preparation progressed. The advisability of only having one full rehearsal may be questioned, especially when new and important pieces are to be performed, a day of work such as this, tending, perhaps, to prematurely tire an executant before the week's programme is begun in earnest, and resulting not altogether in a fair chance either to performer or composer.

The Festival proper commenced on Tuesday, in the Cathedral, when an appropriate sermon, in aid of the widows and orphans of the poorer clergy of the three dioceses, was preached by Dr. Butler, the dean of Gloucester; followed by a performance of *Elijah*, in which Mesdames Albani and Patey, Misses Anna Williams and Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley took part, a cast of principals in every way befitting the occasion. To open a large musical gathering of this description with a well-known and popular work is a safe policy, and one which meets, judging by the numbers present, with hearty approval. It is in the selection of such masterpieces as *Elijah*, at the first, and the *Messiah*, at the final performances (at the same time duly regarding the introduction of novelties), that the committee have shown a wise discretion in their choice. It is

unnecessary to describe the performance of a work so familiar to all our readers. The leading singers enumerated above were at their best: the choruses which form so prominent a feature were, with few exceptions, splendidly rendered; the band paying every attention to details, and entirely in accord with the conductor, Mr. C. Lee Williams, played in a subdued manner, with the consequent result of bringing the choruses into more prominence. The first miscellaneous concert, in connection with the Festival, was given in the evening at the Shire Hall, when the principal feature was the production of a new cantata, *Andromeda*, by Mr. C. H. Lloyd, composed especially for this occasion, and conducted by the composer. The musician has again availed himself of the services of Mr. F. E. Weatherly, who has, unfortunately, done little justice to the classical dignity of the subject. The work has already been thoroughly reviewed in our columns (see *The Musical World*, No. 36), therefore, the present remarks need only refer to the rendering. The zeal and intelligence displayed by the artists, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Watkin Mills, together with the chorus and orchestra, was the secret of its success, of which the audience at the finish took cognizance. The most successful numbers were the scena by *Andromeda*, when chained to the rock, embodying a plaintive soliloquy and appeal impressively sung by Miss Anna Williams, also the solo of Mr. Edward Lloyd, who in the character of Perseus, rescues *Andromeda* from a violent death, and declares his love in a duet. Note must also be taken of the several choruses, especially that of the Tritons and sea-maids, which with the entry of Perseus is written in a happier and less lugubrious style than the rest. This last is the longest of Mr. Lloyd's works, and he certainly has not erred on the side of brevity, much time being devoted to the necessary development of the various incidents depicted; for this reason it may not be so popular with choral societies as his previous efforts, *Hero and Leander*, and the *Song of Balder*. It must indeed be owned that the style lacks unity and consistence, the introduction of classical "modes" being curiously mingled with reminiscences of Mendelssohn and other modern composers; the leit-motives also are used with more frequency than skill, and the tripping semiquavers which stand for the representative theme of Perseus, suggest anything rather than the heroic rescuer of the fettered maiden and the emissary of Pallas Athene. Altogether the solo pieces are less effective than the choruses, in which latter sound musicianship and ingenuity of device are more than once displayed. It may further be said that Mr. Lloyd writes more effectively for the soprano and tenor than for the contralto, and without the intelligent delivery and earnest utterance of Miss Hilda Wilson, her first solo would have been even more tedious than it actually appeared. Very admirable on the other hand, is the chant of the high priest and people, written in the Dorian "mode," and developing ultimately to a kind of canto fermo, with a striking contrapuntal figure in the accompaniment. The opening spinning-chorus also, although totally irrelevant to the action, is graceful and melodious, and would sound well as a piece by itself.

There were other features of interest in the programme, notably the pianoforte playing of Miss Fanny Davies in Sterndale Bennett's concerto in C minor, and Mr. Carrodus's able rendering of two movements of Molique's fifth violin concerto. The concert concluded with a new dramatic overture written by Miss Rosalind F. Ellicott; the work certainly deserved a better place than at the finish of a long programme, containing as it does a leading and well-defined subject, excellently worked out with a due regard to instrumental effect, the brass wind especially coming in for a large share of prominence; the overture and its performance conducted by Mr. Williams were so well received, that the fair composer had to bow her acknowledgments.

A large, if not crowded, audience assembled in the Cathedral on Wednesday morning to hear Dvorak's *Stabat Mater*, a work which, from its impressive and sublime nature, appears to be a fixture at these meetings, having been given each year since its production at Worcester two years ago. Much has already been said both for and against this thoroughly sincere and unconventional composition, which almost by an accident was the means of raising Dvorak from previous obscurity into present prominence and future fame. Upon successive hearings this music loses nothing of its freshness, the

listener deriving as much pleasure from its harmonious combination and development as by its thematic subject matter, which, though generally simple, is always expressive and appropriate to the idea. The artists were again the same who took part in the Worcester performance, namely, Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, and were once more successful in their effective but arduous parts. The quartet, "Quis est homo," was given with emotion and religious fervour, as likewise were most of the numbers, a climax being reached in the grand "Amen" for quartet and chorus, which closes the work. The music in this last number gives the impression of soaring higher and higher by chromatic passages until the password reaches and finds echo in the celestial regions. Slight defects were now and then observed, but altogether the performance was one which gave unmistakable pleasure to those present, for which we give Mr. Williams, the conductor, full credit.

After an hour's interval the second part commenced with Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony, magnificently played by the band, and followed by two early examples of English church music, "Almighty and Everlasting God" (Gibbons) and "Exultate Deo" (S. Wesley), giving the chorus a fair opportunity to distinguish themselves. Hiller's "Song of Victory," with Miss Anna Williams as the solo vocalist closed the performance. It will be observed that the above formed more than enough for one programme, and although each was excellent in its way, such an abundance of music at one sitting can only result in weariness to the audience and performers; still, to the credit of all concerned, sufficient interest was sustained to the end, and the variety doubtless served to satisfy all tastes.

At Wednesday evening's concert Mr. Rockstro's "The Good Shepherd," the second novelty of the festival programme, was produced under the leadership of the composer. Of this work also a comprehensive account has already appeared in *The Musical World*, August 21, and it must suffice to add that the favourable anticipations from reading the score were upon the whole realized at the performance. "The Good Shepherd" is not an effort of genius, but it is that of a sound and honest musician, who knows the limits of his own power, and remains within the shadow of Mendelssohn, without trespassing on the dangerous ground of modern effects frequently least understood by those who employ them in an ostentatious manner. Mr. Rockstro, it is true, uses the leit-motives, but uses them so discreetly, and relieves them so little from the general contour of his picture, that their presence is, with few exceptions, scarcely noticed, and might indeed be ignored without detriment to the general impression. The performance left little to be desired; the band, chorus, and soloists, who were Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Winch, and Mr. Watkin Mills, bestowing every care and energy to this end. No doubt a further opportunity of hearing the work will occur, when expressions of approval, which of course, the performance taking place in the Cathedral, on this occasion were out of the question, will be possible. The second part comprised Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," in which Miss Anna Williams and Mr. Winch took part. Details of Thursday and Friday's proceedings will be fully mentioned in our next number.

Music Publishers' Weekly List.

SONGS.

Berceuse J. Charles J. Hoby Weekes

PIANOFORTE PIECES.

Three Pieces Charles Hoby Augener
(1. Melody. 2. Scherzo. 3. Impromptu.)

DANCE MUSIC.

Loving Eyes Waltz Godfrey Marks Reid Bros.

CONCERTED MUSIC.

(INSTRUMENTAL.)

Bourrée (Violin and Piano) J. Trousselle Reid Bros.
Gavotte and Musette (Violin and Piano)
Marche Cremonese (Three Violins) J. Charles J. Hoby Music Pub. Co.
Practical Violin School, The (Parts 9,
10, & 11) J. M. Fleming Gill

ORATORIOS, &c.

Christian's Armour, The Joseph L. Roeckel Hutchings
Stabat Mater William H. Hunt Novello

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS FOR WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SUNDAY, Sept. 12 (*Twelfth Sunday after Trinity*).—10 a.m.: Service (Calkin), in B flat throughout (Offertory for the Medical Provident Society); Hymn, after 3rd Collect, 301. 3 p.m.: Service (Calkin); Anthem, "Sing praises," No. 570 (Ps. xxx. 4), Gounod; Hymn, after 3rd Collect, 274.

Notes and News.

LONDON.

It is stated that the Cymmrodorion Society of Wales have decided to hold the National Eistedfodd of 1887 in the Royal Albert Hall, and arrangements have been made to give £800 in musical prizes.

Mr. Pitman, of Paternoster Row, E.C., announces the publication of a new penny monthly musical periodical on the 1st October, entitled "The Violin Soloist," which will contain popular dance, operatic, and other airs, original and selected, fingered and arranged as solos for the violin by an English violinist, and printed from engraved plates. In number one, together with five other compositions, will appear "Aimée" Valse, by the composer of "Caro Fior"; a Polonaise, by Hoffmann; and Beethoven's Turkish March.

PROVINCIAL.

BIRMINGHAM.—The *dolce far niente* season has this week been roused from its lethargy by the visit of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. A stranger beholding for the first time the Metropolis of the Midlands, would be startled by the extraordinary life and bustle, the gay and festive appearance of Old Brum. A physiognomist would be in his element, for he would behold in all this grave and spectacled world all that is learned, wise, intelligent, and noble. Science is represented by its most worthy disciples, but music, which surely is a science as well as an art, poor music is always kept in the background: when will the time arrive when musicians will have a voice in public matters, and be a recognized body, like scientists, lawyers, etc.? The local committee of the British Association have published a most interesting handbook of Birmingham. Among its contents, there is also an article on music, compiled by a Mr. W. Bayley Marshall; the musical bodies and societies are named therein. No mention is made, however, of the Birmingham and Midland Musical Guild, founded January 12, 1884, a society of Professional Musicians having Mr. James Stimpson for president. Why this omission?—There will be a performance of *Elijah* on Wednesday evening next, at the Town Hall, in honour of our guests, under the baton of Mr. Stockley, and we may assume the performance will be a good one. There is no oratorio with which our local band and chorus are more familiar than *Elijah*. The coming musical season is approaching fast, and we are sure to have again those excellent subscription concerts given by Messrs. Harrison, although their circular has not appeared yet, as well as those organized by the Birmingham Festival Choral Society, Mr. Stockley, and a host of others.

LEEDS.—Popular interest in the Leeds Musical Festival, which takes place next month, is very wide-spread, and in musical circles expectation is no less marked as to the new works by Sullivan, Mackenzie, Dvorák, Stanford, &c., the performances of which will be conducted by their respective composers. The exceptional care to be bestowed on Bach's great Mass in B minor causes this to be one of the most attractive of the series of performances, while for *Israel in Egypt* on the opening morning, and Sullivan's *Golden Legend* on the concluding morning, every seat in the gallery has now been sold. To secure the artistic success of the Festival no pains have been spared. The Yorkshire chorus, which seems, if possible, to be grander in tone and finish than ever, has been rehearsing assiduously throughout the summer, and there will have been about 50 rehearsals before the Festival commences. The band for the most part will consist of the London Philharmonic Society's orchestra, and as Sir Arthur Sullivan is the conductor of that body, as well as of the Festival, there is an obvious and special advantage gained. The principals are numerous, including Mmes. Albani and Patey, Mrs. Hutchinson, Misses Anna Williams, Hilda Wilson, and Damian, Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Barton McGuckin, Frederic King, Iver McKay, Watkin Mills, Brereton, and Santley. Altogether the executive forces engaged in the Festival will number 440.

LIVERPOOL.—The Philharmonic Society has now formulated its scheme for the forthcoming season which will consist of twelve fortnightly concerts commencing on October 5. The programme is of unusual interest, and clearly shows that the numerous darts which have been shot at the society for years past, have at length found a weak point in the armour, for the proportion of new works promised is far beyond the average. Amongst the choral works which will be heard for the first time here are Stanford's *Three Holy Children*, Dvorák's *Spétre Bride*, Jensen's *Feast of Adonis*, Mackenzie's *Bride*, and C. H. Lloyd's *Song*

of *Balder*. Besides these will be given Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, *Walpurgis Night*, *Man is Mortal* (8 part chorale), and the final chorus of *Loreley*; Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia*; Bach's *God's time is best*; Becker's *Spiritual Dialogue*, and other important pieces. The instrumental list will include amongst the symphonies Beethoven's *Pastoral*, Gade's C minor, Haydn's No. 7 in C, Mendelssohn's *Reformation*, Mozart's *Jupiter*, Raff's *Im Walde*, Rubinstein's *Ocean*, and Schubert's No. 5 in B flat, together with Berlioz's *Adagio* and *Scherzo* (love-scene and "Queen Mab" speech) from *Romeo and Juliet*. The vocal principals are Mesdames Albani, Valleria, Hutchinson, and Patey, and Mlles. Alma Fohstrom, Mary Davies, Trebelli, Anna Williams, Annie Marriott, Thudichum, Hope Glenn, and Hilda Wilson, with Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Henry Piercey, and Barton McGuckin, and Messrs. Santley, Del Puente, Watkin Mills, Bridson, Pierpoint, and Hilton. The instrumentalists are to be Madame Norman-Neruda, Herr Joachim, Signor Piatti, and Mr. Charles Hallé, who will again conduct.

FOREIGN.

BAD EMS.—A correspondent informs us that the Milwida concert lately given in the Kursaal for a charitable purpose, was largely attended. The programme arranged by Julius Langenbach, music-director, included *Eine Faust-overture* by Wagner; a prelude to Mosenthal's *Der Goldschmied von Ulm*, by Herr Mühlendorfer, Saint-Saëns's "Prélude du Déluge," and a Scherzo by Lalo, played by the Curorchester. Compositions for the harp by Herr Oberthür (of London) were also given, consisting of concertino (with orchestra) solos—"Meditation" and "La Cascade"—played by the composer, as well as a duet for two harps (Fantasia on Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots*), rendered by the composer and Herr Alexander Meyer. The vocal music consisted of an aria from Haydn's "Die Schöpfung" (*The Creation*), and Lieder by Schumann, Volkmann, and Becker, sung by Fräulein Bertha Beuther. A prologue written by Herr Stelter of Wiesbaden, was spoken during the evening by Fräulein Odilon. The thanks of the concert committee were given to Herr Oberthür for his valuable aid, and a handsome laurel wreath was presented to him bearing the inscription, "Milwida."

BERLIN, Sept. 3.—The Royal Opera was re-opened on the 26th ult. with a performance of *Lohengrin*. Great changes have taken place in the stage machinery, and the scenic effects have been added to and improved accordingly. It is even thought that a complete performance of the *Nibelungen Ring* would now be possible.—The Philharmonic Society has only just been able to defray its expenses; and it is cited as a curious fact that without the yearly visit of their excellent orchestra to Scheveningen, the Dutch watering-place, the concerts would probably have to stop altogether. During the winter and spring two series of performances, under Klindworth and Joachim respectively, are again announced; and a special concert in memory of Liszt, conducted by the first-named musician, will take place on October 4.

Dr. von Bülow is thinking of a new undertaking in connection with the historical treatment of Beethoven's pianoforte works. His design, so far as it is matured, is to present in the chief German towns a series of four concerts, in which the development of Beethoven's genius will be illustrated, starting from the A major Sonata, Op. 2, No. 2 (1795), and ending with the Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli, Op. 120, of the year 1823.

The *Mikado*, on its tour through the Continent, has reached Vienna, where it has met with fair success.

The opera *Etienne Marcel*, by Saint-Saëns, is to be given during the winter at Prague.

PARIS, Sept. 5.—The operatic jumble served up in honour of M. Chevreul was at any rate performed with carefulness and pomp. The entertainment passed off very well, and the items were given in this order: The second act of *Guillaume Tell*, the first scene of the fifth act of *Faust*, a ceremony in honour of the illustrious guest, and called "Hommage à Chevreul," Chorus and soli from *Judas Maccabeus*, Stanzas by M. Armand Silvestre, recited by M. Silvain, March from *Le Prophète*, the fourth act of *La Juive*, and a ballet, which was not the least successful item in this serious feast. In the operatic scenes, Mesdames D'Ervilly, Rose Caron, and Dufrane, MM. Escalais, Duc, Melchissédéc, Dubulle, Muratet, Gresse, and Plançon took part. All were appreciated and frequently applauded, several stanzas of the poem brought down the house, and M. Chevreul was present to receive the ovations of a large audience.—The Opéra Comique has re-opened its doors, being to a certain degree dependent upon Government aid, and in duty bound to keep regulation seasons. The overflow of subscriptions for the Saturday performances has induced M. Carvalho to supply an extra night's performance on Tuesdays, every week. The *Barbier de Séville* was the opening performance, with a new tenor, Delaquerrière, who pleased the audience and the critics sufficiently, without gaining extraordinary honours. Other parts were filled by Mlle. Cécile Méseray, as "Rosina," and MM. Bouvet (Figaro), Frugère, and Fouverets. The orchestra was remarkably good.—The marriage of Mlle. Ribeyre, who has just gained the Conservatoire prizes for singing and comic opera, with M. Leroux, who obtained the Grand Prix de Rome last year, is expected

to take place shortly. It is said that the lady renounces the theatrical career open to her, and will accompany her husband to Rome.—Another of the recent successful competitors of the Conservatoire, Mlle. Tanesi, is making a great sensation at Le Tréport.

M. Paul Viardot, the violinist, has accomplished a successful tour in Normandy, with the assistance of Mlle. Virginie Haussmann, who was a pupil of Madame Viardot.

A grand opera, in four acts, *The Sultan of Isaphan*, has been submitted to the director of the Bordeaux Grand Theatre. The libretto is by a citizen of Bordeaux, and the music by M. Edmond Dédé, an African artist who is well known in the same town as conductor and composer.

The new Symphony by Herr Pohlig, called *Durch Weltenräume*, was received with enthusiasm by the public on its first performance, under the direction of the composer, at Riga.

At the Church of S. Andrea delle Fratte in Rome, a musical service has been held in memory of Liszt, Sgambati presiding at the organ.

NEW YORK, August 21.—*The Maid and the Moonshiner*, by Messrs. Hoyt and Solomon, opened the season at the Standard Theatre, and disappointed the expectations which had been raised concerning it. Both librettist and composer are capable of better things.—A musical farce, *Soldiers and Sweethearts*, at the Bijou had a sort of semi-success. It deals with the adventures of a party of English soldiers who, with their "sweethearts," undertake a season of comic opera. The troubles of the manager, one Jonacus Jaggs, afford some amusement. The music is by Mr. Schlieffarth, who claims to be the author of 420 musical works.—In the meantime *Erminie* has been played at the Casino for a hundred nights, and might run on for another hundred. However, Miss Violet Cameron and her company are to appear at the Casino on October 4.—*Falka*, at Wallack's, is equally successful.—A curious but on the whole unsatisfactory entertainment was recently given at "Tony Pastor's" Theatre, namely, Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado* cast for women in all the parts but one, that of Ko-ko. It is difficult to understand how a female company could set themselves to so ungrateful a task, and why, having undertaken so much, they should have left a single part to be played by one of the other sex. There is no need to criticize the performance, certain numbers pleased, by dint of the fair singing of one or two members of the troupe, but the general effect was very poor.—The Central Park Garden was more than ever crowded for Mr. Neuendorff's concert of last Sunday, though the prices were doubled. The orchestra had been increased for the occasion, and the programme included Liszt's Second *Hungarian Rhapsody*, the *Tannhäuser* and *Leonore* (No. 3) Overtures, and selections from Saint-Saëns and Thomas.

The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston will give Bach's Mass in B minor, which will be then heard for the first time in that city. Hiller's *Song of Victory*, Haydn's *Creation*, and Handel's *Messiah* are the other oratorios announced for the season.

The trustees of the Cincinnati College of Music have determined to give six symphony concerts next season, with six public rehearsals, in addition to the six chamber concerts. Professor Henry Shrader will conduct. The band will have as its nucleus the members of the Cincinnati Philharmonic Orchestra.—Miss Emma Groll, of Cincinnati, has signed an engagement with Signor Zonzonio to sing in Rome during the next season the leading rôle in Samara's *Flora Mirabilis*. Miss Rose Stuart, of Boston, is also engaged by Signor Zonzonio. Both these ladies are pupils of Madame Marchesi.

The little town of Norfolk, Connecticut, has just enjoyed its fifth season of concerts—comprising two performances daily for a week—by the Diller Octet from New York. The music was well chosen, mostly from classical masterpieces, and also comprising some modern works by Rubinstein, Scharwenka, and Moszkowski.

There is a good example set to American and English country towns in the announcement by the *Buffalo Courier* of a proposition to "bring to Buffalo from Germany, or elsewhere, a *capellmeister* who shall be a solo violinist, also a second violin player, a viola player, and a violoncellist. These would form the nucleus of an orchestra. Besides these, there would be French horn, bassoon, and oboe players. The five other first violins, second cellos, horns, etc., etc., would be selected from the best talent to be found in Buffalo and elsewhere. An orchestra thus formed would give our home talent employment, and inspire the younger professionals who are striving to acquire positions, to compete for them. There are a number of violin players in the city, but only five or six of them would at first be employed. These would necessarily be the best that could be found, and each one would have to practise regularly and faithfully to keep his place. As soon as carelessness marked his work, he would be discharged and a new man put in his stead. The idea respecting the discipline of the orchestra, as we have heard it discussed, are to be commended, and if it is followed out—and the public is very likely to complain if it is not—Buffalo will yet be proud of a home orchestra. Another advantage is the incentive it would be to our young students to work assiduously. They can hear good music, and look forward to a time when their ability will entitle them to a position among the performers."

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